DIOGENES LANTHORNE.

In *Athens* I ſeeke for honeſt men,
But I ſhall find them God knows when.

Ile ſearch the City, where if I can ſee,
One honeſt man, he ſhall goe with me.

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Prologue.

AN odde dayes worke *Diogenes* once made,
And 'twas to ſeeke an honeſt man he ſayd:
Thorow *Athens* with a Candle he did goe,
When people ſaw no cauſe he ſhould doe ſo:
For it was day-light, and the Sunne did ſhine,
Yet he unto an humour did encline,
To cheeke mens manners with ſome odde croſſe-jeſt,
Whereof he was continually poſſeſt.
Full of reproofes, where he abuſes found,
And bold to ſpeake his mind, who ever found.
He ſpake as free to *Alexanders* face,
As if the meaneſt Plow-man were in place.
'Twas no mans perſon that he did reſpect,
Nor any calling: Vice he durſt detect.
Imagine you doe ſee him walke the ſtreets,
And every one's a knave with whom he meets.
Note their deſcription, which good cenſure craves,
Then judge if he have cauſe to count them knaves.

Samuel Rowlands.

tion of Bonds, and Bils: I dare be sworne he never champs so much vpon his dinner or supper; for his panch cries out on him, and all the guts in his pudding-house rumble, and grumble at their slender allowance, he obiects the old Prouerbe to his belly, Many a Sacke is tyed up before it be full. I would I had the dyeting of him some moneth with my roots, I would send him deeper under the ground than ere they grew, the canibals should never feed more vpon poore men, and play the Dice-maker with their bones: hang him Rogue, hang him.

How now thou drunken knabe, canst not see but to reele upon me? I would I had beene ware of thee, thou shouldst have borne me a good bang with my staffe; what slaue is this? As I live I was almost downe.

Looke how his cleake hangs, one side to his ankles, and the other side of his elbow: his steps take the Longitude, and the Latitude: Hoise, hoise: this fellow is now (in his owne conceit) mightily strong, for he dareth fight with any man: he is exceeding rich, scorneth money, and cares not for twenty thousand pounds: hee is marbellous wise; and tut, tell not him for he knows more than any man whatsoeuer. What is he that dares refuse to pledge him? As sure as death, if he could feele or finde his dagger, stabs should be dealt: harke how the villaine sweares; there is all his hostesse hath in pawne for his score, yet he is a passing good Customer for utterance, about a barrell a day goes downe his gutter. So, take him in there at the red Lettice: he has cast Anchor at the blew Anchor for this day. Fill him of the best, for he is one of the best guests that ever tooke up sodden water with chalke credit on a post. Out upon him, out upon him: Ile read his destiny; Die in a ditch, knabe, or end in an hospitall, rascall, choose whether thou wilt.

How lookes yonder fellow? What is the matter with him trow? Has a eaten Bull-beefe? There is a lofty slaue indeed, he is in the Altitudes: Oh ill your Sailer Ambition? I would be glad to see you hanged a while for an old

acquaintance, a great man with the Emperour, Ile assure you a great man with the Emperour: his voyce is heard in the Court now, and his fathers voyce was accustomed to be heard in the City: for I have heard him many time, and often cry Brownes in Athens: a good plaine honest man, and dealt much with old shoes. I heard him once tell this proud knave, being then a boy, a good discourse of justice out of a Brome. Sirra (sayd he) here is Birch to correct you in childhood, and when you grow to be a great lubber, here is a staffe to belabour you with. If that will not serve to amend you, why then heres a good With to hang you up. Amen sayd I, he is growing to it apace; aspiring to rise high, plotting to become mighty: and what tooles hath he cut out of the divels shop, to performe this worke? Treason, Treason, he will ascend by treason, although he clumbe the Gallowes for it, and cracke his necke in comming downe againe. If I saluts him, and put off my cap, I would my Lanthorne were in my belly. Vertue scornes him, I know him not: strout along sirra, for thou hast not long to strout it.

More knaves abroad yet? Wonder is Boasting, and Presumption: I hold my life as old as I am, ile take his Rapier from him with my walking staffe: he is all sound, and breath, tongue, and talke: feareth no man, careth for no man, beholding to none: but try his valour, put him to it, see what is in him, dare him in the proofe, and there is mine empty fellow like a water bubble flying in the ayre till a puffe cracke him: I never knew (since I knew reason) a wordy fellow, prove a worthy fellow: a man must set his hand to his man-hood, and finger it, it will not be had with wounds, and blood, heart, and nailes, as every rascally knave maketh account. When two curres meet, all the while they barke they have no leisure to bite. Alexander had a bragging Souldier, that swore he had killed five hundred men with fillips: yet this fellow swore the peace against a woman that had broken his head with his owne dagger. And the other day, I followed a couple of notori-

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ous braggers into the field: one swore he would imbrue his Rapiers hilt in the bowels of his foe, the other vowed to make him eate Iron, & Steele like an Estridge. When they came to the place appoynted, both drew their weapons, layd them presently downe, and fell to buffets for a bloody nose; which I seeing, ran to the towne, and cryed, murther murther, and so brought three hundred people together to laugh at them. I could tell many like examples, of Signior Feather-cap, and his fellow, but that I spie another knave, comming that puts me out.

It is Contention, (nay ile goe low enough to the kennell, thou shalt not iustle me for the wall) looke how he stares, see how he frownes: he has had a poore man in law these three yeeres, for bidding a dog, Come out Cuckolds curr; yet if the dogge could speake, he would beare witnesse against his master, for horn-worke that he had seene wrought by his mistris in her chamber to make her husband night-caps of.

Oh strife is the summe of his desires, it is the solace of his soule, hee is never well at hearts ease, if he be not wrangling with one or other; Ile try it by the law (saies he) the Law shall iudge it. Ile come to no agreement but Law; ile pinch him by the Law, I have a hundred pound to spend at Law: and all Law, Law: yet he himselfe is altogether voyd of equity, he will neyther take wrong, nor doe right, bites his poore neighbour doggedly by the backe, scornes his superiour, tramples upon his inferiour: and so he may bee wrangling, cares not with whom it be, to keepe his hand in vre. He never went to bed in charity in his life, nor never walks without meditating shrewd turnes. Oh! he loves wonderfully to be feeding upon the bread of strife, and imitateth the Cammels which delight to drinke in troubled pooles. Well he shall ioyne no neighbourhood with mee for it: my Dunne stands farre enough off from his house: I had rather have a Beare to my next neyghbour, than such a brawling rascall: Goe walke a knave in the hayre Fare, I have nothing to say

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to thee, but farewell, and be hanged: and when thou art going that iourney, take all thy fellows with thee.

Well met, or rather ill met Hypocricy: Ah thou smoth faced villaine with thy fawning tongue, art thou become a Citizen too? Then loke about you plaine fellows, you shall be sure to want no deceit: he hateth swearing, so doe I: it is well done to hate it; but he loves lying, and will overreach you in a bad bargaine, or with false weight, and measure; Yes indeed, I truely will he. He will sighe, and say, there's no conscience now a daies, and than makes his owne actions beare witnesse to it, by yea, and nay, if he can he will deceiue you.

Loke to his hands, hearken not to his tongue, and say: I have given you faire warning, for a Philosopher hath beene cousened by him; and had rather have it sayd, Diogenes was deceiued, than to heare it reported, he is a deceiuer, I payd for a better cap than I weare, and my gowne is scarse worth halfe the money it cost me: marry what remedy? Nothing: I have learned by it onely, A knacke to know a knave: and while I live, I will loke better to it: Yes truely, and I indeed: Hypocricie shall never sell me good words againe while he liueth. Ile never buy breath more for money. If a thiefe should meet me in going home and take away his purse, I would say I meet with an honester man than he that cousened me in the buying of my gowne: for the thiefe would prove a man of his word, and tell me what I should trust to, in the peremptory termes of Stand, deliver your purse.

But my Gowne-brother promised me good stuffe, Truly a great penny-worth. Indeed, and verily did gull mee. But let me take my leave of my purse; he is a villaine, an arrant villaine, and I could eben finde in my heart to eate his liuer fried with parsley to morrow morning to breakfast.

How now! Whats the matter? whither goes all this hurly burly? Hoes a Cutter indeed. Now I see, now I see Cousenage the swaggerer is carryed to prison. I heare

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the people say he hath stabbed the Constable, beate the Watch, broke the Tapsters head, and lien with his Hostesse.

Here is no villaine: I pray search his pocket; I told you as much, false heart, false hand, and false dice. What crooked tooles are these in his other pocket? Pick-locks, Pick-locks: this fellow lives by his wits, but yet belongs not to Wits Common wealth: he sweares he is a Gentleman, but of what house? Marry of Cheaters Ordinary; an ingenious slave, that workes a living out of hard bones, and has it at his fingers ends: every man with him is a very Rogue, and a base Gull: he threatens stabs, and death, with heart, wounds, and blood; yet a bloody nose hath made him call for a Chirurgion. He scornes to dwell in a suit of apparrell a weeke: this day in sattin, to morrow in sackcloath; one day all new, the next day all seame-rent; now on his backe, anon at the brokers: and this by his reckoning is a Gentlemans humour. Sure I cannot deny but it may be so: but I pray thee, what humour is the Gentleman in? He is neber (in my opinion) like to prove Gentleman by that humour.

Away with him, away with him, make sure worke, chaine, and kennell him up in Gaole, make him a Knight of the dolourous Castle.

He will doe farre better tied up, then lose at liberty: let him not play the wandring Pilgrim in any case: there is no remedy for such wild fellowes, but to tame them in a dungeon of darknesse; follow him close, watchmen, with your Halberts, lest he shew you a new dance called Rinn-a-waies Galliard. So, so, by this time he lies where he is like to prove lowsie, if there be not some speedy remedy used, with a medicine made of Hempseed to kill the itch.

Who have we next pray? I should know him by his villainous scurvy lookes, he makes a wry mouth, and has a grinning countenance for all the world like Detraction: why it is he indeed, a rope stretch him has not the Crows pickt out his eyes yet? See how he laughes to himselfe at

yonder plaine Gentlewoman in the old fashion, because she haz not the trash, and trumpery of mistris Loose-legges, about her.

Dost thou deride Civility, Knave? is decency become ridiculous? looke upon thy selfe, thou rascall, looke upon thy selfe, whom all the wise men in the world may laugh to scorne indeed.

Thou hast nothing in thee (if thy inside were turned outward) worthy of the least commendation, and yet such villaines will ever be scoffing, deriding, and detracting from those of the best spirits, and worthiest endeavours; Learned mens workes, industrious mens travels, grave mens councels, famous mens vertues, and wise mens acts, Detraction will spit venome at: nothing is well done that floweth not from his durty invention: he scoffes at them he knoweth not, and iests at them he never saw. What a world is this, when a foole shall censure a Phylosopher? A dolt, an idiot, one that hath wit in his heele, and head alike to condemne, and deprave natures miracles for wit, and wisedome!

This is he that can mend every thing that is ready made to his hand, detracting from the worthinesse of every mans worke: tis a villaine, a right villaine, bred, and borne. He came not long since along by my Tub-house, and scoffing at me, asked me wherefore I made it not a Tap-house: Marry (quoth I) I have determined so to doe, but I want such a rogue as thou art to make me a signe of. With that he called me dogge: Sayd I, thou didst never heare me barke, but thou shalt feele me bite, and so I thrust my pike staffe thorow his cheekes, that I made his teeth chatter in his head like a Viper as he is.

Nay than we shall never have done, looke where Iealousie is, as yellow as if he had the yellow Iaundise: his wife is an honest woman (in my conscience) loyall, and true in wedlocke, but because he (like a fornicating rascall) useth common Curtezans; he thinkes her curtesies, and theirs are all alike to every man, come who will. His eyes fol-

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lowher feet wheresoeuer she goeth: if any friend chance to salute her, she dares not reply, but must passe by stranger like, without any shew of courtesie: he sweares shee is a whore, and himselfe a large horned cuckold, able to runne full but with all the cuckolds in the Towne.

May he is growne to such outrage, that he is euen franticke with Iealousie, sometimes proffering to lay wagers, that no Bull dares encounter with his head, and that his hornes are more precious than any Unicorne. The Haberdasher cannot fit him with a hat wide enough: the Barber cannot trim his forehead close enough: and yet the Por hath made his beard thinne enough. He sayes, he thinks theirs not an honest woman in Athens, to his knowledge and the reason is, hee is familiar with none but whores. A bawdy-house is for his bodily exercise, and he cannot live without his lechery. he hath whores of all complexions whores of all sizes, and whores of all diseases, and this is the cause that the villainous fellow deemes all to be whores. But masters marke the end of him that hath beene layd five times of the Por: if he be not thoroughly Frenchified, and well repayed for his venery, than will I for seuen yeeres eate hay with the horse. Well, ile crosse the way to the other side of the Street, before hee come to meete me: I dare not indure him, tis good sleeping in a sound skin: I would not be in his coate for Alexanders rich gowne. But stinking knaue, out; hold off thy Cart, knaue, wilt ouer-runne? Thy horse hath more honesty in him than thou, for he avoydes me, and thou beatest vpon me. So villaine so, curse the creatures that gets thy living, and see how thou shalt thriue by it. Thou blind knave Porter, dost rush upon me with thy basket, and thou sayest, By your leave? Belike thou meanest to intitle me againe: thou didst aske me no leave the first time before hand. What brutish slaues doe I meet with? My staffe shall meet with some of you anon. Take thou that, knaue for crying Broomes so loud in mine eares: Heres a coyple indeed, your City shufflings, rumbling, and tumbling, is

not for my humour. What a filthy throat has that Dicker-wife? I thinke it will eccho in my brain-pan this houre. This is the raging street of out-cries; ile out-walke it with all the speed I can.

Hitherto have I met with never an honest man; Well ile burne out my candles end, and then make an end, and get me home. So, that is good to begin withall. Had your street never a knave to encounter my first entrance, but Discord? Malum Omen, Malum Omen: This is he that setteth Countries, and Kingdomes together by the eares, breedeth Cities mutinies, and domesticall contentions, Prince against Prince, Nation against Nation, kindred, neighbour, friend, all at variance.

This is he that cals Peace with her Palme-tree, Ill huswife, and sounds defiance throughout the whole world. You are wronged (sayes he) put not up such a vile indignity; this disgrace no manhood can endure; your valour, and reputation is in state of prejudice, tis wounded by such a one, and you cannot in any wise put it up, for the whole world takes notice of it, and all men will censure you.

This is the Rascall that made me fall out with Plato, call him proud fellow, and trample upon his bed, because it was somewhat handsommer, and better decked than mine. In all his life time (and ile assure you tis an old, gray, leane, dry, rotten, boned villaine) did he never shew cheerefull countenance, but at the sight of some mischiefe; he would rather bite his tongue throughout, than bid any man good morrow. So, so, now it workes; hee's got amongst a crue of scolding Fish-wives; off goes her head attire; have at the others throat; to her greene waist-coate. Why now it workes like Wax.

Thrust in, Cut-purse, for there's good penny worths to be had amongst them; the Trade is like to be quicke by and by. Customers, come a pace, make a prity search without a Constable. Ile stay no longer with you, a rope rid you all. Now fie upon thee, slovingly knave, when didst thou

thou wash thy face? Here's Sloth right in his kinde: the hat he weares all day, at night becommeth his Night-cap; his Frize Gowne Skonce, wherein he intrenches himselfe, is at least thirty thousand strong. Garter thy hose, beast, garter thy hose: oh will the Por endure no garter?

This fellow, I remember, comming to a Fig-tree, being so extreamely lazy that he could not stretch his arme out to gather any, layd himselfe downe upon his backe, and gaping, cryed,

Sweet Figs, drop downe in yielding wise,
For lazy will not let me rise.

This is he that riseth late, and goes earely to bed; up to eate, and downe to sleepe; scornes to labour, (for he is as joynted as an Elephant) and rather than he would endure halfe an houres labour, he would willingly chuse a whole houres hanging: I know no use in the world for him, except to keepe the City bread from mouldring, and the towne liquor from sowring.

This is he that lying at ease upon his backe, where a Cart was to passe, intreated the Carman to drawe easie over him, for he could not rise yet, till his lazy fit was past. This is he that could rather be lousie, than endure to have his shirt washed: and had rather goe to bed in hose, and shoes, then stoope to put them off. He is fitted with a wife, even part of his owne humour, for t'other day, heating broth for her husbands breakefast, the Cat cryed mew in the porredge-pot; Wife (sayd he) take out poore Pusse; alasse, how came she there? With that she tooke out the Cat by the eare, and stroking off the porredge from her into the pot, they two went lovingly to breakefast with it.

A thame take them both, for all thy companions, for their broth is abominable. Who than we shall never have done, here is hell broke loose, swarming together. Derision he goes before scoffes every man he meeteth.

Dost laugh at my Lanthorne, Knave, because I use

candle-light by day? Why villaine it is to seeke (such as you will never be) Honest men.

Violence he walks with him: he will doe injury to his owne Father, if he can: all that he weareth on his backe, and all that he puts in his belly, is got by oppression, wrong, and cruelty: he careth not how he gets it, so he gets it; nor from whence he take it, so he have it.

Ingratitude makes one in this consort, an inhumane and uncivill savage: if a man should doe him a thousand good turnes in a day, he would never give him a thousand good words in a yeere for them.

Impatience is another of their fraternity, a raging knave an unquiet turbulent rogue, hee'l allow times for nothing, all is at a minuts warning that he cals for, or he will rage, raile, curse, and sweare, that a wise man would not for ten pound be within ten miles of him.

Who is the other? Hold up thy head knave.

O, tis Dulnesse, the most notorious blockhead that ever pissed: instruct him till your tongue ake, he hath no eares for you: there's nothing in him but the asses vertue, thats dull melancholy: How lumpish he looks! Out Rascals, out now a murren take you all: I did never make a worse daies worke in my life, than I have done to day: here is a City well blest, is well provided I warrant you. If a man should need an honest mans helpe, where should he find him? Well, farewell Athens, I, and my Tub scorne thee, and thy Citizens.

Diogenes by his labour.

Philosopher, thy labour is in vaine:
Put out thy Candle, get thee home againe.
If company of honest men thou lacke,
They are so scarce, thou must alone goe packe:
But if you please to take some knaves along,
Give but a becke, and store will flocke, and throng.
He that did vomit out his house, and land,

Even

Even with a winke will ready come at hand:
And he of whom thou didſt ten ſhillings crave,
And thinking nere againe his almes to have,
Becauſe he was ſo prodigall in waſte,
And to undoe himſelfe made wondrous haſte,
If thou hadſt roome to ſtoe him in thy Tun,
He will be ready both to goe, and run,
Or thoſe ſame drunken Fidlers thou didſt finde
A tuning would, when they themſelves were blind
Whom thou didſt with thy ſtaffe belabour well,
They'l ſing about the Tub where thou doſt dwell.
All thoſe that were preſented to thy ſight,
When thou ſoughts honeſt men by Candle-light,
Make a ſtep backe they in the City be,
With many hundreds which thou didſt not ſee,
Houſes of Raſcals, ſhops even full of Knaves,
Taverne, and Ale-houſe fild with drunken ſlaves:
Your Ordinaries, and your common Innes,
Are whole ſale-ware-houſes of common ſinnes.
Into a Bawdy-houſe thou didſt not looke,
Nor any notice of their capring tooke,
Bawds with their Punks, and Panders with their Straps,
Whores with their fethers in their Velvet caps.
Thoſe *Salamanders* that doe bathe in fire,
And made a trade of burning luſts deſire.
That doe ſalute them whom they entertaine,
With, *A pox take you till we meete againe*,
Nor they which daily Novices doe entice,
To lend them money upon cheating dice;
And in the bowling-allies tooke with betting,
By three, and foure to one, moſt baſely getting:
All theſe unſeene appeare not to thy face,
With many a Cut-purſe in the Market-place,
That ſearches pockets being ſilver-linde,
If counterfeits about men he can finde,
And hath Commiſſion for it ſo to deale,
Vnder the Hang-mans warrant, hand, and ſeale;

Innume-

Innumerable such I could repeat,
That use the craft of Cony-catch, and cheate,
The Cities vermine, worse than Rats, and Mice:
But leave the Actors to reward of vice.
He that reproves it, shewes a detestation;
He that corrects it, workes a reformation.
Who doe more wrongs, and iniuries abide,
Than honest men that best are qualifide?
They that doe offer least abuse to any,
Must be prepared for enduring many.
But here's the comfort vertuous men doe finde,
There hell is first, their heaven is behind.

Diogenes Morall.

A Cocke stood crowing proud,
Fast by a River side:
A Goose in water hist at him,
And did him much deride.
The Cocke in choller gretes,
Vowing by him that made him,
That he would fight with that base Goose,
Though all his Hens diswade him.
Come but a shore (quoth he)
White liver, if thou dare,
And thou shalt see a bloody day,
Thy throat shall soone be bare.
Base Craven (sayd the Goose)
I scorne to beare the mind,
To come a shore amongst a crue
Of scraping dung-hill kinde:
Thy Hens will backe thee there,
Come hither chaunting slave,
And in the water hand to hand
A combat we will have:
Here's none to interrupt,
I challenge thee come here;

If there be valour in thy Combs,
Why let it now appeare.
Enter the watry field,
Ile ſpoyle thy crowing quite:
Why, boaſt not, come, O now I ſee
Thou haſt no heart to fight.
There was no want in him,
But ſure the water was ſo bad,
It would not let him ſwim.

Morall.

IT happens alwaies thus,
When cowards doe contend,
With wrangling words they doe begin
And with thoſe weapons end.
Nothing but vaunts are uſd,
Till tryall ſhould be made:
And when they come to action,
Each of other are afrayd:
Then, for to keepe skins whole,
It is a common uſe,
To enter into ſome drunken league,
Or make a cowards excuſe.

A Great aſſembly met of Mice,
Who with themſelves did take advice,
What plot by policy to ſhape,
How they the bloody Cats might ſcape:
At length a grave, and ancient Mouſe
(Belike the wiſeſt in the houſe)
Gave counſell (which they all lik'd well)
That every Cat ſhould beare a bell:
For ſo (quoth he) we ſhall them heare,
And flie the danger which we feare:
If we but heare a bell to ting,
At eating Cheeſe or any thing,
When we are buſie with the nip,

Into a hole we straight may skip.
This abode all, they liked best:
But quoth one Mouse unto the rest,
Which of us all dare be so stout,
To hang a bell Cats necks about?
If here be any let him speake,
Than all replyed, we are too weake:
The stoutest Mouse, and tallest Rat,
Doe tremble at a grim-fac'd Cat.

Morall.

THus fares it with the weake,
VVhom mighty men doe wrong,
They, by complaint, may wish redresse,
But none of force so strong,
To worke their owne content,
For every one doth feare,
Where cruelty doth make abode,
To come in presence there.

THe Owle being weary of the night,
Would progresse in the Sunne,
To see the little birds delight,
And what by them was done:
But comming to a stately grove,
Whereas proud Summers season strove
Most beauteous to be seene,
He lights no sooner on a tree
That Summers livery wears,
But all the little birds that be,
were flockt about his eares,
Such wondring, and such noise they kept
Such crying, and such weeping,
The Owle for anger could have wept,
Had not shame hindred weeping.
At length he made a solemne vow,

An

An Owle of me you make,
But ere to morrow light appeare,
In dawning of the East,
Five hundred of you that are here
I will dispatch at least:
If that I crush you not most rare,
Why then love let me die:
A Titmouse I will not spare,
Nor the least Wren doth flie.
And so at night, when all was hush,
The Owle, with furious mind,
Did search, and pry in every bush,
With sight, when they were blind.
Herein their bones, and flesh did breake,
Their feathers flew in the aire,
And cruelly with bloody beake
Those little creatures tare.
Now I am well reveng'd (quoth he)
For that which I have done,
And quitted all my wrongs by Moone,
Were offered in the Sunne.

Morall:

GAinst mighty ones the weake of strength
May not themselves oppose:
For if they doe, twill prove at length,
To wall the weakest goes.
The little shrubs must not not contend
Against the taller trees;
Nor meaner sort seeke to offend
Their betters in degrees;
For though amongst their owne consorts
Superiours they deride,
And wrong them much with false reports,
At length time turnes the Tide,
Then comes a change, the wiles they wrought,

In ſelfe-conceit though good,
May be in th' end too dearely bought,
Even with the price of blood.

A Cobler kept a ſcuruy Crow,
A bird of baſeſt kind;
And paines enough he did beſtow,
To worke her to his minde.
At length he taught her very well,
To ſpeake out very loud,
God ſave the King: and troth to tell,
The Cobler then grew proud:
She was too good to hop about
Upon his old ſhoe-ſtall,
But he unto the Court will ſtrout,
His Bird ſhould put downe all
Their painted Parrats, ſo he went
To Cæſar with Jack-daw,
And ſayd to him he did preſent
Beſt bird that ere he ſaw.
The Monarch gracious mind did ſhew
For Coblers poore good will,
And made a Courtier of the Crow,
Where he remaind, untill
He ſtanding in a window, ſpied
His fellowes flie along,
And knew the language which they cri'd
Was his owne mother ſong:
Away goes he, the way they went,
And altogether flie,
A poore dead horſe to teare, and rent,
That in a ditch did lie:
When they had char'd him to the bone,
Not a Crows mouthfull left,
To a Corne-field they flie each one,
And there they fall to theft.
This life the Coblers Crow did chuſe,

Picks

Picks living out of ſtraw,
And Courtly diet did refuſe,
Even like a foliſh Daw.

Morall.

HE that from baſeneſſe doth derive
The root of his deſcent,
And by preferment chance to thrive,
The way that Iack-Daw went,
Whether in Court or common-wealth,
In City, or in Towne,
How ere he pledge good fortune's health,
Hee'l live, and die a clowne.
Dawes will be Dawes, though grac'd in Court,
Crows will be carraine ſtill:
Like ever unto like reſort,
The bad embrace the ill:
And though even from a Coblers ſtall
He purchaſe land, what than?
With Coblers hee'l converſe withall,
Rather than better men.

THe Lyon in an humour once,
As with his pleaſure ſtood,
Commanded that on paine of death
Horn'd beaſts ſhould voyd the wood:
Nor any one to tarry there,
That had an armed head.
This was no ſooner publiſhed,
But many hundreds fled:
The Hart, the Bucke, the Unicorne,
Ramme, Bull, and Goat conſent,
With haſte, poſt haſt to run away,
Their dangers to prevent.
With this ſame crue of horned kind,
That were perplexed ſo,

A beasts consorts, upon whose head
Onely a wenne doth grow.
The Fox met him, and said, Thou fole,
Why whither dost thou run?
Marry (quoth he) to save my life:
Hearst thou not what is done?
Hound creatures all have banishment,
And must avoyd the place:
For they are chargd upon their lives,
Even by the Lyons grace.
True sayd the Fox, I know it well,
But what is that to thee?
Thou hast no horne, thy wenne is flesh,
'Tis evident to see.
I grant (quoth he) 'tis so indeed,
Yet neretheleſſe ile flie;
For if't be taken for a horne,
Pray in what case am I?
Sure (sayd the Fox) its wisely done,
I blame thee not in this:
For many wrongs are daily wrought,
By taking things amisse.

Morall.

VVIse men will ever doubt the worst
In that they take in hand,
And seeke that free from all suspect
They may securely stand,
Removing every least offence,
That may a danger breed;
For when a man is in a pit,
It is too late: take heed.
If mighty men doe censure wrong,
How should the weake resist,
It in vaine to contend with him
That can doe what he list.

The beſt, and moſt repoſed life,
That any man can finde,
Is this to keepe a conſcience free
From ſpotted guilty mind.

A Sauage creature chanc'd to come
Where ciuill people dwelt,
Whom they did kindly entertaine,
And curteous with him dealt:
They fed him with their choyſeſt fare,
To make his welcome knowne,
And diuers waies, their humane loue
Was to the wild man ſhowne.
At length, the weather being cold,
One of them blew his nailes:
The ſauage asked why he did;
And what his fingers ailes?
Marry (quoth he) I make them warme,
That are both cold, and numme:
And ſo they ſet them downe to boord,
For ſupper time was come.
The man that blew his nailes before,
Vpon his broth did blow:
Friend, ſayes the Sauage, what meanes this,
I pray thee let me know?
My broth (ſayd he) is ouer-hot,
And I doe coole it thus.
Farewell (quoth he) this deed of thine
For euer parteth vs.
Haſt thou a breath blowes hot, and cold,
Euen at thy will, and will?
I am not for thy company,
Pray keepe thy ſupper ſtill,
And heat thy hands, and coole thy broth,
As I haue ſeene thee doe:
Such double dealers as thy ſelfe
I haue no mind vnto,

But will returne unto the woods,
Where I tofore had beene,
Resolving every double tongue
Hath hallow heart within.

Morall.

AHeedfull care we ought to have,
When we doe friends elect;
The pleasing gesture, and good words
We are not to respect:
For courteous carriage oftentimes
May have an ill intent,
And words may graceleſſe prove,
Without the hearts consent.
Let all avoyd a double tongue,
For in it there's no truſt,
And baniſh ſuch the company
All honeſt men meane juſt.
A counterfeits ſociety
Is never free from danger:
And that man lives a happy life,
Can live to ſuch a ſtranger.

WHen winters rage, and cruell ſtormes
Of every pleaſant tree
Had made the boughes ſtarke naked all,
As bare as bare might be;
And not a flower left in field,
Nor greene on buſh or brier,
But all was robd in pitious plight
Of Summers rich attire;
The Graſhopper in great diſtreſſe,
Unto the Ant did come,
And ſaid, deare friend, I pine for foode,
I pray thee give me ſome:
Thou art not in extreames with me,
I know thine ever care
For winters want, hard, and diſtreſſe,

In Summer doth prepare.
Knowst thou my care replyed the Ant,
And dost thou like it well?
Wherefore providst thou not the like?
Pray thee Grashopper tell,
Harry (sayd he) the Summer time
I pleasantly doe passe,
And sing out still full merrily,
In the delightfull grasse:
I take no care for time to come,
My mind is on my song;
I thinke the glorious Sun-shine daies
Are everlasting long.
When thou art hoording up thy food,
Against these hungry daies,
Inclined unto providence,
Pleasure I onely prayse.
This is the cause I come to thee
To helpe me with thy store.
Thou art deceiv'd friend, sayd the Ant,
I labour not therefore:
Twas not for you I did provide,
With tedious toylesome paines,
But that my selfe of labours past
Might have the future gaines.
Such idle ones must buy their wit,
'Tis best when dearely bought:
And note this lesson to your shame,
Which by the Ant is taught:
If Summer be your winning time,
When you doe merry make,
Let winter be your weeping time,
When you must penance take.

Morall.

NEgle& not time, for precious time
Is not at thy command;

But in thy youth, and able ſtrength,
Give Providence thy hand.
Repoſe no truſt in others helpe,
Thou mayſt complaine in want:
But friends will vaniſh all,
They'l heape reproofe upon thy head,
And tell thy follies paſt;
And all thy acts of negligence,
Even in thy teeth will caſt.
Thou mightſt have got, thou mightſt have gaind,
And lived like a man:
Thus will they ſpeake, filling thy ſoule
With extreame paſſion than.
Prevent this fooliſh after-wit,
That comes when tis too late,
And truſt not over-much to friends,
To helpe thy hard eſtate.
Make youth the ſummer of thy life,
And therein loyter not:
And thinke the winter of old age
Will ſpend what Summer got.

A Luſty Beggar that was blind,
But very ſtrong of limme,
Agreed with one was lame of legs,
That he ſhould carry him:
Another was to guide the way,
For he had perfect ſight,
Upon condition, all they got
Should ſtill be ſhard at night:
Now, as they chanc'd to paſſe along,
The Cripple that had eyes,
Sitting upon the blind mans backe,
On ground an Oyſter ſpies.
Stoope, take that Oyſter up (quoth he)
That at thy feet there lies:
And ſo he did, and put it in

The

The Scrip which he did weare:
And going on a little way,
Sayes Cripple to the blind,
Give me the Oyster thou tookst up,
I have thereto a mind.
Not so, sayd t' other, by your leave,
In vaine you doe intreat it;
Surely I keepe it for my selfe,
And doe intend to eate it.
Ile have it Sir, the Cripple swore:
Who spied it, thou or I?
If that I had not seene and spoke,
Thou wouldst have passed by:
It is no matter sayd the blind,
Thou knowst it might have lien,
Had I not stoopt, and tooke it up,
Therefore it shall be mine.
And so they hotly fell to words,
And out in choller brake,
With, thou lame rogue, and thou blind knave,
Not caring what they spake.
At length it hapned one came by,
And heard them thus contend,
And did entreat them both that he
Might this their discord end.
They yeild, and say it shall be so:
Then he enquiring all,
Did heare their league, and how about
An Oyster they did brawle.
Said he, My masters let me see
The Oyster makes such strife:
The blind forthwith gave it to him,
He quickly drew his knife,
And opening it, eate up the same
Giving them each a shell;
And said, Good fellowes now be friends
I have your fill, farewell.

The beggers both deluded thus,
At their owne folly smild,
And sayd, One subtill crafty knave
Hath two poore soles beguild.

Morall.

WHen men for trifles will contend,
And vainely disagree,
That oft for nothing, friend, and friend,
At daggers drawning be;
When no discretion their is usde,
To qualifie offence,
But reason is by will abusde,
And danger doth incense:
When some in fury seeke their wish,
And some in malice swels,
Perhaps some Lawyer takes the fish,
And leaves his Clients shels:
Then when their folly once appeares,
They over-late complaine,
And wish the wit of forgone yeeres
Were now to buy againe.

WIthin a greene a gallant Grove,
That wore greene summers sute,
An Ore, an Asse, an Ape, a Fox,
Each other kind salute,
And lovingly, like friends, embrace,
And much good manners use:
At length the Ore sates to the Asse
I pray thee friend what news?
The Asse lookd sad, and thus replyed,
No news at all, quoth he,
But I grow ever discontent,
When I doe meet with thee.
The Ore lookt strange, and stepping backe,
Quoth he, deare neighbour Asse,

Haue I wrong'd thee in all my life
Mouth full of hay or grasse?
Assure thy selfe, if that I had,
Twould grieue me very much.
No, kind bedfellow sayd the Asse,
My meaning is not such;
On Iupiter I doe complaine,
'Tis he wrongs me alone,
In arming thee with these large hornes,
And I poore wretch haue none.
Thou wearst two weapons on thy head
Thy body to defend:
Against the stoutest dogge that barkes
Thou boldly darst contend:
When I haue nothing but my skinne,
Which two long swish eares;
And not the basest Goose that liues,
My hate or fury feares:
This makes me sad, and dull, and slow,
And of a heavy pace,
When every Shepheards scurvy curre,
Doth braue me to my face.
Sure, quoth the Ape, as thou art griev'd,
So I hard dealing finde,
Looke on the For, and looke on me,
Pray view us well behinde,
And thou wilt sweare, I know thou wilt,
Except thy eye-sight failes,
That Nature lack'd a paire of eyes,
When she made both our tailes:
I wonder what her reason was,
To alter thus our shapes;
Theres not a For but hath a taile
Would serue a dozen Apes.
Yet we, thou seest, goe bare-arst all,
For each man to deride;
I tell thee, brother Asse, I blush

To see my owne backside.
I must endure a thousand iests,
A thousand scoffs, and scornes;
Nature deals bad with me for taile,
And hard with thee for hornes,
With this the ground began to stirre,
And forth a little hole,
A creeping foure-legd creature came,
A thing is cald a Mole:
Quoth he, My masters I have heard
What faults you two doe finde,
Want tailes, and hornes, pray looke on me,
By nature formed blinde.
You have no cause thus to complaine
Of your, and your defect,
Nor u'e dame Nature hard with words,
If me you doe respect:
The things for which you doe complaine,
Are unto me denide;
And that with patience I endure,
And more, am blind beside.

Morall.

WE oft complaine, repine, and grudge
At our dislikd estate;
And deeme our selves (our selves not pleasd)
To be unfortunate;
None mark'd with more extreame than we,
None plungd in sorrow so;
When not by thousand parts of want,
Our neighbours griefes we know.
Most men that have sufficiency,
To serve for natures need,
Doe wrong the God of nature, and
Vngratefully proceed.
They looke on others greater gifts,
And enviously complaine,

When

When thouſands wanting what they have,
Contented doe remaine.

THy' Aſtronomer by night did wake
(He, and his Globe together)
Having great buſineſſe with the Starres,
About the next yeeres weather.
He did examine all the skie,
For tempeſt, wind, and raine:
And what diſeaſes were to come,
The Planets told him plaine:
The diſpoſition of the Spring,
The ſtate of Summers tide,
The Harveſt fruit, and Winters froſt,
Moſt plainely he eſpied.
He did confere with Iupiter,
Saturne, and all the ſeven,
And grew exceeding buſie with
Twelue houſes of the heaven.
And while with ſtaring eyes he lookes
What newes the Starres could tell,
Upon the ſudden downe he comes
Headlong into a Well.
Helpe then he cals, or elſe I drowne,
Oh helpe he ſtill did cry,
Untill it chanſt ſome paſſengers
Came very early by,
And hearing him did helpe him out,
In a dround mouſes caſe:
Then queſtioned with him how he came
In that ſame cold wet place?
Marry (quoth he) I looked on high,
Not thinking on the ground,
And tumbling in this ſcurup Well,
Where I had like bin drownd.
Which when they hard, and knew his Art,
They ſmiling ſayd, Friend ſtranger,

Wilt thou foretell things are to come,
And knowst not present danger?
Hast thou an eye for heaven, and
For earth so little wit,
That while thou gazest after starres,
To tumble in a pit?
Wilt thou tell (loking ore thy head)
What weather it will be?
And deadly danger at thy fot
Thou hast no eyes to see?
We give no credite to thy art,
Nor doe esteeme thee wise,
To tumble headlong in a Well,
With gazing in the the skies.

Morall.

MAny with this Astronomer,
Great knowledge will pretend:
Those gifts they have, their haughty pride
Will to the skies commend.
Their lookes must be aspiring, for
Ambition aimes on hie:
Fortunes advancements make them dreame
Of Castles in the skie.
But while bewitching vanity
Deludes them with renowne,
A sudden alteration with
A vengeance puls them downe:
And then the meanest sort of men,
Whom they doe abject call,
Will stand in scorne, and poynt them out
And censure of their fall.

GReat Alexander came to see
My mansion being a Tunne,
And stood directly opposite
Betweene me, and the Sunne.
Norrow (quoth he) Philosopher,

I yeild thee time of day.
Marry (sayd I) thou Emperour
I pray thee stand away;
For thou deprivest me of that
Thy power hath not to give,
Nor all thy mighty fellow Kings
That on earths foot-ball live:
Stand backe. I say, and rob me not,
Nor wrong me in my right;
The Sunne would shine upon me, but
Thou takst away his light.
With this he stept aside from me,
And smiling did entreat
That I would be a Courtier,
For he liked my conceit.
Ile have thy house brought nigh my Court,
I like thy paine so well:
A neighbour very neere unto me
I meane to have thee dwell.
If thou bestow that paine (quoth I)
Pray when thy worke is done,
Remove thy Court, and carry that
A good way from my Tunne.
I care not for thy neighbourhood,
Thy treasure, trash I hold,
And doe esteeme my Lanthorne horne
As much as all thy gold.
The costliest cheere that earth affords,
(Take Sea, and Aire to boot)
I make farre lesse account thereof,
Than of a Carret root.
For all the robes upon thy backe,
So costly rich, and strange,
This plaine poore gowne thou seest me weare
Threedbare, I will not change
For all the Pearles, and precious Stones
That are at thy command.

I will not give this little booke
That here is in my hand,
For all the Countries, Cities, Townes,
And Kingdomes thou hast got,
I will not give this empty Tunne,
For I regard them not.
Nay, if thou wouldst exchange thy Crowne,
For this same cap I weare,
Or give thy Scepter for my Staffe,
I would not do't I sweare.
Dost see this Tub? I tell thee man,
It is my common-wealth.
Dost see yon water? 'Tis the wine
Doth keepe me sound in health.
Dost see these roots that grow about
The place of my abode?
These are the dainties which I eate,
My bakd, my rost, my sod.
Dost see my simple three-foot?
It is my Chaire of State.
Dost see my poore plaine wooden dish?
It is my silver plate.
Dost see my wardrop? Then behold
This patched seame-rent gowne.
Dost see yon mat, and bul-rushes?
Why th' are my bed of downe.
Thou call'st me poore, and beggerly;
Alas, good carefull King,
When thou art often sighing sad
I cherefull sit, and sing.
Content dwels not in Palaces,
And Courts of mighty men:
For if it did, assure thy selfe
I would turne Courtier then.
No, Alexander, th'art deceived,
To censure on me so,
That I my sweet contented life

For

For troubles will forgoe.
Of a reposed life, tis I
Can make a iust report,
That hath more vertues in my Tun,
Than are in all thy Court:
For what yeilds that but vanities,
Ambition, envy, pride,
Oppression, wrongs, and cruelty?
Nay, every thing beside.
These are not of my company,
Ile rather dwell thus odde:
Who ever walks amongst sharp thornes,
Had need to goe well shod.
On mighty men I cannot fawne,
Let flattery crouch, and creepe:
The world is naught, and that man's wise
Least league with it doth keepe.
A Crowne is heavy wearing thing,
It makes thy head to ake:
Great Alexander, great accounts
Thy greatnesse hath to make.
Who seeketh rest, and for the same
Doth to thy Court repaire,
Is wise like him, that in an Egge
Doth seeke to finde an Hare.
If thou hadst all the world thine owne,
That world would not suffice:
Thou art an Eagle (mighty man)
And Eagles catch no flies.
I like thee for thy patience well,
Which thou dost shew to heare me:
Ile teach thee somewhat for thy paines,
Draw but a little neere me.
Some honest proverbs that I have,
Upon thee ile bestow:
Thou didst not come so wise to me,
As thou art like to goe.

HE that performes not what he ought,
But doth the ſame neglect,
Let him be ſure not to receive
The thing he doth expect.

When once the tall, and lofty tree
Vnto the ground doth fall,
Why every Peaſant hath an axe
To hew his boughes withall.

He that for virtue merits well,
And yet doe nothing claime,
A double kind of recompence
Deſerveth for the ſame.

Acquaint me but with whom thou goeſt
And thy companions tell:
I will reſolve thee what thou doſt,
Whether ill done or well.

He knows enough that knoweth nought
If he can ſilence keepe;
The tongue oft makes the heart to ſigh,
The eyes to waile, and weepe.

He takes the beſt, and choyſeſt courſe,
Of any man doth live,
That takes good counſell, when his friend
Doth that rich jewell give.

Good horſe, and bad (the rider ſaies)
Muſt both of them have ſpurres;
And he is ſure to riſe with fleas,
That lies, and ſleepes with curres.

He that more kindneſſe ſheweth thee,
Than thou art uſd unto,
Eyther already hath deceiv'd,
Or ſhortly meanes to doe.

Birds of a feather, and a kind,
Will ſtill together flocke:
H'ad need be very ſtrait himſelfe,
That doth the crooked mocke.

I have obſerved divers times,
Of all ſorts old, and young,
That he which hath the leſſer heart,
Hath ſtill the bigger tongue.

He thats a bad, and wicked man,
Appearing good to th' eye,
May doe thee many thouſand wrongs
Which thou canſt never ſpie.

In preſent want deferre not him,
Which doth thy helpe require:
The water that is farre off fetcht,
Quencheth not neighbours fire.

He that hath money at his will,
Meat, drinke, and leiſure takes:
But he that lackes muſt mend the pace,
Need a good foot-man makes.

He that the office of a friend
Vprightly doth reſpect,
Muſt firmely love his friend profeſt,
With fault, and with defect.

He that enjoyes a white horſe, and
A faire, and dainty wife,
Muſt needs find often cauſe by each
Of diſcontent, and ſtrife.

Chuſe thy companions of the good,
Or elſe converſe with none:
Rather than ill accompanied,
Much better be alone.

Watch over words, for from thy mouth,
There hath much evill ſprung:
Its better ſtumble with thy feet,
Than ſtumble with thy tongue.

Not outward habit, Virtue tis
That doth advance thy fame:
The golden bridle betters not
A Iade that weares the ſame.

The greateſt joyes that ever were,
At length with ſorrow meets:
Taſte honey with thy fingers end,
And ſurfet not on ſweets.

A Lier can doe more than much,
Worke wonders by his lies,
Turne Mountaines into Mole-hils, and
Turne Elephants to flies.

Children that were unfortunate,
Their parents alwaies praiſe:
And attribute all unthrift ineſſe
Vnto their foregon daies.

When ſickneſſe enters healths ſtrong hold,
And life begins to yeild,
Mans fort of fleſh to parley comes,
And death muſt win the field.

The flatterer before thy face
With ſmiling looks will ſtand,
Preſenting honey in his mouth,
A Raſor in his hand.

The truly noble minded loves,
The baſe, and ſervile feares.
Who ever tels a foole a tale,
Had need to finde him eares.

To meddle much with idle things,
Would vex a wise mans heart.
Tis labour, and a weary worke,
To make a dogge his bed.

The worst wheele ever out of the Cart,
Doth yeild the greatest noyse:
Three women make a market,
They have sufficient voyce.

First least all fooles desire to learne,
With steadfast fixed eyes:
In this, all other Idiots are,
And they exceeding wise.

When once the Lyon breathlesse lies,
Whom all the Forrest feard,
The very Hares presumptuously
Will pull him by the beard.

Cease not to doe the good thou oughtst,
Though inconvenience grow:
A wise man will not seed-time lose;
For feare of every Crow.

One man can never doe so well,
But some man will him blame:
Tis vaine to seeke to please all men,
Iove cannot doe the same.

To him that is in misery
Doe not affliction adde:
With sorrow to load sorrows backe.
Is most extreamely bad.

Shew me good fruit on evill tree,
Or Rose that growes on Thistle,
Ile undertake at sight thereof,
To drinke to thee, and whistle.

Cenſure what conſcience reſts in him,
That ſweares he juſtice loves;
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes,
To puniſh ſimple Doves.

There's many that to aske might have,
But his owne ſilence croſt,
What charge is ſpeech unto thy tongue?
By asking, pray whats loſt?

He ſerves for nothing, that is juſt
And faythfull in his place:
Yet for his duty well performd
Is not a whit in grace.

He makes himſelfe another ſlave,
And feares doe undergoe,
That unto one being ignorant
Doth his owne ſecrets ſhow,

On Neptune wrongfull he complaines
That oft hath beene in danger,
And yet to his devowring waves
Doth not become a ſtranger,

Age is an honourable thing,
And yet though yeeres be ſo,
For one wiſe man with hoary haires,
Three dozen fooles I know.

Age is an honourable thing

FINIS.